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VOL 12 NUMBER 12

KNAVE

EXCLUSIVE:
THE KNAVE INTERVIEW WITH MANDY RICE-DAVIES.

THE IDEAL FEMALE LAIR:
WILL SHE WANT TO SEE YOUR ETCHINGS?

SEX ON THE THUMB:
HOOKERS ON THE HIGHWAY OR ARE THEY?

"THE TUPPENNY UPRIGHT"
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PLUS: 40 PAGES
OF GIRLS IN FULL COLOUR.

It's difficult to believe how someone with such a steely temperament like Brett consents without a murmur to this kind of tacky bedroom scene. It's hardly showbiz.

Brett

Let's elaborate on that a little. Brett and the crew have stumbled into an abandoned Japanese restaurant. There's no saki behind the bar (but plenty of cobwebs). Somebody starts giggling.

Brett picks up an old soggy menu from the floor. Lights are set up around her. She is hardly aware of anything. The secret of her success lies perhaps in her special kinship with ice. (She'll burn your fingers on the outside but just wait till you place a couple of cubes of her inside a dry martini). Or the other way around.

Now Brett's already been slipped a few warm numbers by some philanthropist in the crew. In fact, she's only semi-conscious. *Do what you want* is written all over her body in splendid italics. Zoom in. (Now's the time, of course). Her cunt is gleaming in cat's eye style. Install yourself there.

Are you ready for this? Fleur is on her way. She is wearing the sort of underwear liable to cause a breach of the peace. Otherwise, she looks like a possible French can-can fugitive, evading the bestial enthusiasm of some choreographer.

Fleur

She's here. Fleur has arrived. She—um—dispenses with all that shit about whether I prefer *The Enigma Variations* to Danny the Lad on glockenspiel, coffee with or without, etc. Her body collides with mine. Impact. Deep heat. A butter mountain two centimetres from the sun.

Photographed by Ed Heleman

All kinds of organs are instantly operative, you might say. Fleur is using her teeth on my earlobes, whispering obscene details into the drum. Her thighs open as easily as her umbrella. I am very preoccupied with her juices. (Fleur's vaginal musk is a high-octane nasal fantasy).

Fleur makes love to me again and again until I am ready for pulping. She is a gymnast when it comes to anything remotely sexual. However, when I open my eyes, things are back to normal. I am lying in bed (an amorous stupor) clutching a pillow and a very cold piece of toast. A mouthful of ghosts. But worth it.

Francine

Ah, now Francine's my secretary, my high-speed dogsbody with these kittenish tits and one hell of a sex drive. No, I'm lying. Sorry. I saw her for the first time this morning when her pictures arrived on my desk. Another swift little fantasy ensued. I peeled off her mink in the elevator. Her lips parted . . . etc. It's all a crazy game. But I'm hooked.

Gretchen

She needs a decent name, let's face it. I mean, she arrives at the studio completely breathless, hair all over the place and one stocking laddered. Her right knee is bleeding slightly. Naturally, the first thing I ask is whether she's been mugged. The first thing she says is "hey, can you spare something for the cab driver?" It turns out that she's spent the last 15 minutes groping for a contact lens on the back seat *while the meter is still running*. Right away, you realise that this is a woman who needs to remain anonymous.

Photographed by R. B. Kane

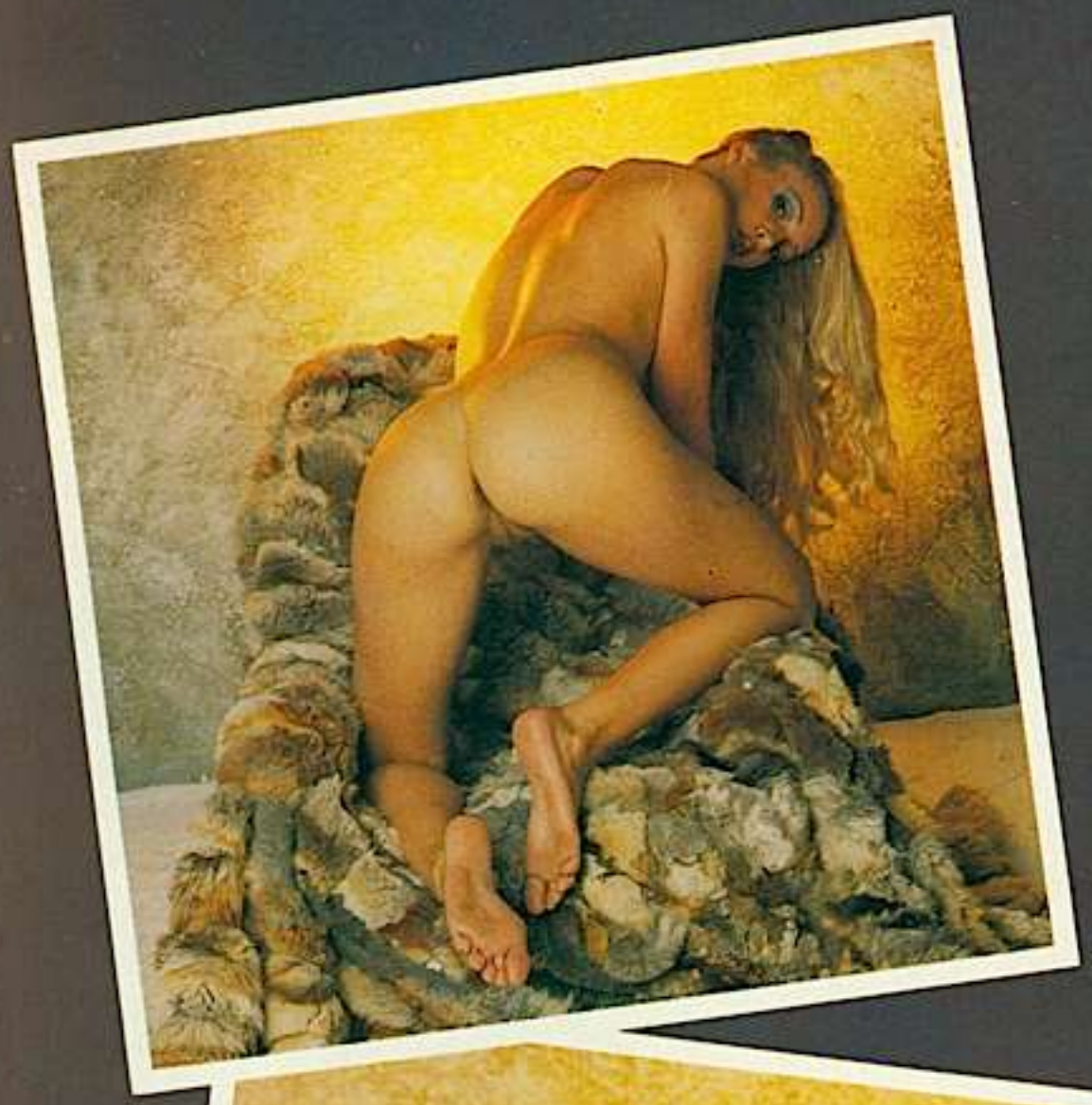
When I return, she has stripped down to the essentials, (*very nice*, *very nice*), and I just cannot summon the courage to tell her that the ride here has already cost her one third of her agreed modelling fee.

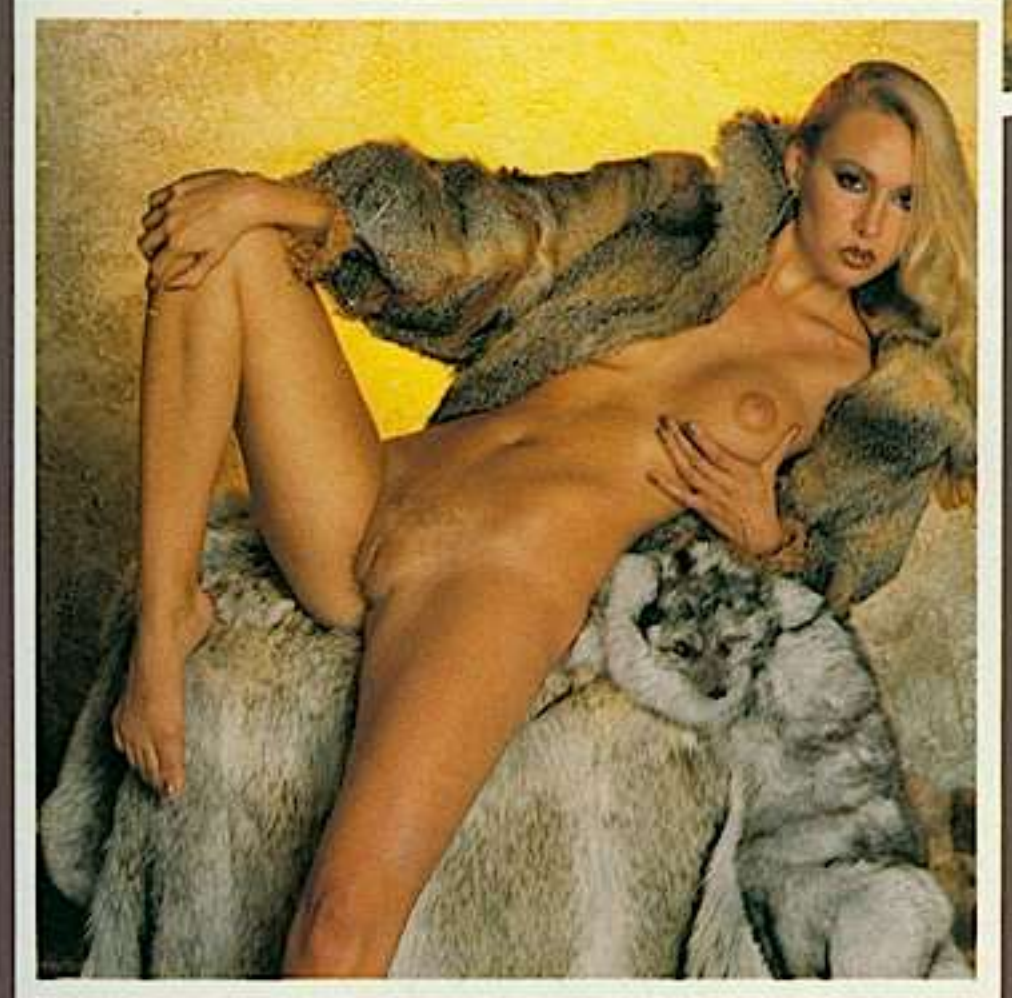
I've settled for Gretchen, because of all those Gothic vibrations I received when she breezed in like a religious martyr. (Besides, water is fun to fuck in).

Photographed by Ronnie Hertz

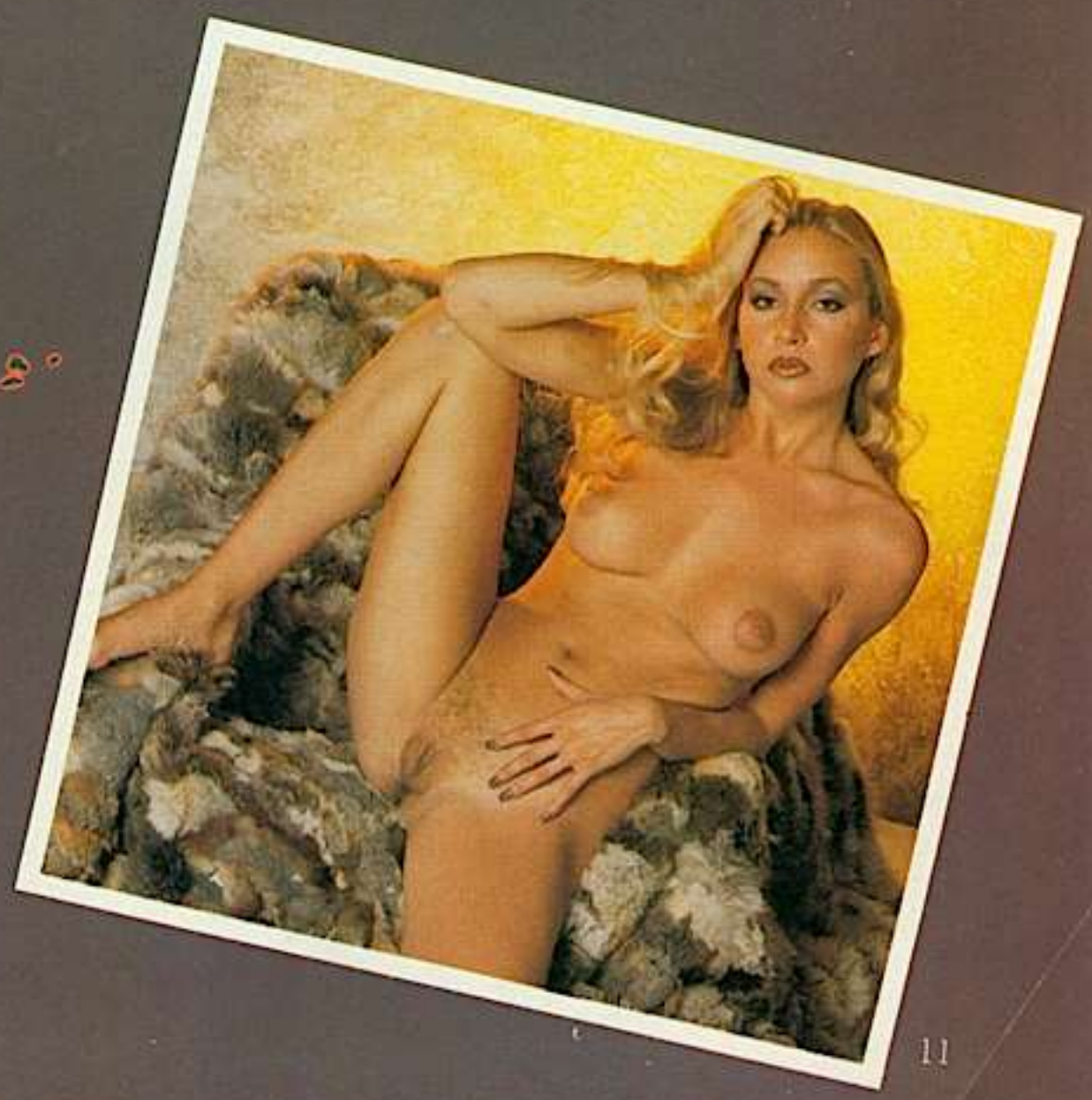
Penelope

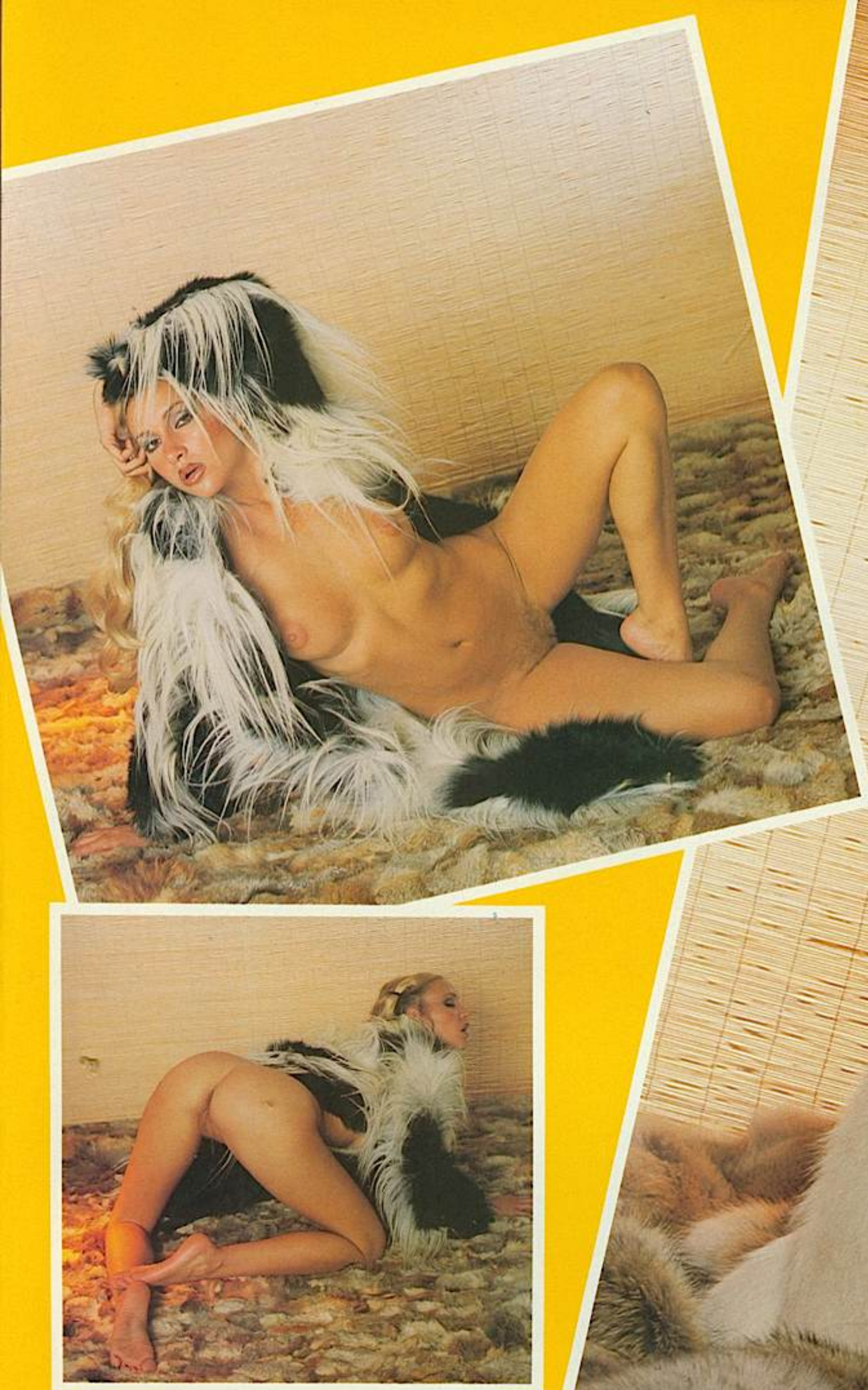
This lithe body. Overwhelming, the urge to stare at it. Don't you think?





Penelope is a greedy girl, by all accounts. She is fond of slow fucking "no time for the premature" and will talk all the way up to an orgasm.





The difference between mediocrity and excellence can sometimes be measured on the 'Peter meter'. But just because she digs fur doesn't mean she's crazy about bear-hugs. It's probably a good idea to keep your erection hidden under a towel.

Photographed by Lasse Bird

Willa stretches out luxuriously and enticingly on her sky blue sheets. "Yes, I suppose you can say that bed is one of my favourite places", she says sexily. "But I do prefer to have company, I am of course capable of amusing myself, but it's much more fun with a man". But of course. And what man could resist the charms of Willa when she makes such an alluring plea for company? Could be fun...

Willa

Surely no man would turn down the chance to change places with that lucky pillow. And how could he ignore the hidden promise of that purple delight?

"I really enjoy wearing sexy little pieces like this", purrs Willa. "It's worth it just to see the look on a man's face when he sets eyes on them for the first time. He doesn't usually waste much time in taking them off, though!" And once they've been eased off, just imagine yourself drifting into ecstasy on those silky sheets...